

Gift Of \$4,000 Presented For Study Of Technology

Complete Program Of Activities Set For New Session

A full program of social and recreational activities has been planned by the University for the second session of the Summer quarter.

Summer school dances for all service men will be the feature of the term's activities. Dances will be held July 24, August 14, and August 21. On Wednesdays and Fridays from 6 to 7 p.m., Howard Hall will conduct a dancing class. Lessons for men will be \$1.50 while women will be admitted free.

A. H. Tandy, British Consul, will be the convocation speaker on August 4, at 10 a.m. in Memorial hall. Other speakers on the campus during the second term will be Lt. V. L. Haspel, Women's Army Corps, Mrs. Frank L. McVey, Dr. John Cutler, and Dr. Francis G. Davenport.

Other activities scheduled include the residence halls teas, Carnegie music appreciation hours, community sings, and Union movies.

The Physical Education department will offer non-credit courses in archery, badminton, tennis, volleyball, bowling, folk dancing, and intramural sports.

All students are invited to participate in all Summer quarter activities.

Funkhouser Sees Invasion Routes

Speaking on "The Invasion of Europe" in connection with "The Development of Man," Dr. W. D. Funkhouser, dean of the graduate school, told YM and YWCA members Tuesday, that the migrational routes used ten thousand years ago from Africa to Europe will probably be used again in the coming invasion of the Continent.

According to Dr. Funkhouser, the change of climate in Africa necessitated an upheaval in living for the white tribes, which had thrived in Africa long before the Negroid. This change forced the people to scatter, most of them migrating to Europe where the climate was more agreeable.

As these routes proved successful ten thousand years ago, there is a probability that they will be used in the present crisis, Dr. Funkhouser explained.

Boles Appointed

S. A. Boles, member of the University athletic department, has been approved to serve as one of the public representatives on tripartite panels of the regional War Labor Board, it has been announced.

Social Calendar ...

Dance—8:30-11:30 p.m., Saturday, July 24, for all service men, in the Bluegrass room of the Union building.

Newman Club—Picnic, 1:30 p.m., Saturday, at the Fair grounds. All soldiers invited.

Movie—"That Other Woman," 6 p.m., Monday, Union building.

YM-YW—6:15 p.m., Tuesday, Y lounge.

Invitation to Reading Series—3 p.m., Browsing room of the Library, Dr. Francis G. Davenport.

Dancing Class—6 p.m., Wednesday and Friday, Bluegrass room terrace.

Community Sing—6:30 p.m., Thursday, Amphitheater of Memorial hall.

A gift of \$4,000 from the W. K. Kellogg Foundation to the bacteriology department at the University has been approved by the executive committee of the board of trustees. The purpose of the gift is to encourage more students to study medical technology and to relieve the major shortage in the field, it was announced.

Dr. M. L. Scherago, head of the bacteriology department, stated that "during the past year the department has received 10 requests for trained medical technologists to every one that we could supply." One-half of the amount is to be used for scholarships and the rest for a loan fund.

The gift was made with the approval of the committee on medical education and hospitals of the American Medical Association and the board of registry of medical technologists of the American Society of Clinical Pathologists.

Members of the committee present for the meeting included Judge Richard C. Stoll, chairman, James Park, H. S. Cleveland, H. D. Palmer, and R. P. Hobson.

An American flag presented to the University by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Sulier of Lexington was accepted by the committee.

Men Will Return For Education Says Dr. Ligon

"Many of the young men and women whose education has been interrupted by the war will return to school for their period of readjustment," according to a forecast by Dr. M. E. Ligon, professor of secondary education at the University.

Dr. Ligon predicted in a recent radio broadcast that a post-war increase in enrollment in American institutions of higher learning would be "beyond anything we have yet known." Influences of the war itself will tend to greatly boost college enrollment, he said.

"The federal government will perhaps provide scholarships for returned soldiers. The emphasis given to science by the war will increase the desire for broader training in this area. The enrollment of the on-coming students who have not participated in the armed services will increase as well as that of graduate students," he continued.

Dr. Ligon discussed "Higher Education in Prospect" in one of a series of broadcasts dealing with "Kentucky in Prospect" from the University radio studios.

"Women's Place In Home," Say Coeds

By Doris Singleton

"Women's place after the war will be in the home," was the answer given by a majority of women students interviewed on the campus when questioned in a poll taken this week by The Kernel. Many agreed that any positions now held should be given up when the war is over.

The single women are working now because they will want money for the future, as it is with some of the married women whose husbands are now in the service, they agreed. The women who are working at the present will relinquish their jobs after the war because they are only saving money now, was the opinion of one coed. The

women will gladly step out of the business world if their husbands are able to find positions.

"Women should take an active part in community affairs when the war is over," one coed said. They should concentrate on returning the home to normal, and forget industry. That is a man's job, she continued.

Numerous women, however, will refuse to return to the home, was the opinion voiced by several. After women have had a taste of freedom in the business world and more extensive rights they will not want to give up these privileges. "They will still want to wear slacks," one said.

Women won't want to go back to being "little money girls," one coed

said. Particularly will the single girls hate to give up high-paying positions. "I am afraid there will be trouble in the home after the war is over, because women will hold up the fact to the men that they can get a high position whenever they please, because they did it before," another added.

"When the war is over, I'll probably be attempting to make a home in Russia or Germany. I intend to go with my husband when he goes over-seas for reconstruction," another said. With a possibility of the occupation of Europe lasting 10 or 15 years, that it will be up to the woman to adapt herself to the conditions that exist where her husband is stationed, was agreed upon by all.

The KENTUCKY KERNEL

University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky.

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FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1943

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Dance Is Set For Saturday

The University, in cooperation with the Stopover Station of Lexington, will give a dance for all service men from 8:30 to 11:30 p.m., Saturday in the Bluegrass room of the Union building.

The dance, which is sponsored by the University women, is the first in a series of dances to be given during the second term of summer school. Admittance will be by presentation of Student Union, YWCA, or Stopover station hostess membership cards.

Chaperones for the affair will be Mr. and Mrs. Mason Jacoby, Col. and Mrs. B. E. Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Bart Peak, Miss Margaret Lester, Dean Sarah B. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. James Martin, Mrs. Lewis Haggin, Capt. and Mrs. May, Major and Mrs. D. C. Carpenter, Mrs. Elizabeth Moores, Miss Alberta Limbach, Miss Ruth Jewell, Mrs. Mildred Turner, and Miss Jane Haselden.

UK Girls Graduate As Nurses' Aides

The eighth nurses' aide class, composed mainly of University girls, was graduated Wednesday night at the Good Samaritan hospital. The classes are conducted by the Lexington chapter of the Red Cross and are taught by Mrs. John Good.

Those completing the required work were Barbara Bloom, Anne Jamie Bronston, Sally Buckner, Edna Mae Cravens, Sue Ann Fenimore, Mrs. William H. Harris, Mrs. Margaret Ann Hobbs, Edna Mae Land, Marjorie Jane Land, Julia Grinstead Landrum, Martha Bell Mann, Mildred Miller, Mrs. Bernhard Radden, Mrs. Julia Reynier, Betty Jane Shelley, Emma Lee Reynolds, Martha Ringo, and Mary Beulay Steele.

A class to be held at night will begin in August and one during the day in September. Anyone interested in enrolling should call the Lexington Red Cross.

Dean Holmes Calls Woman Engineers

Any woman interested in the Curtiss-Wright engineering program for women is asked to contact Dean of Women Sarah B. Holmes immediately.

Union To Be Closed For Repairs Sunday

The second floor of the Union building will be closed Sunday for cleaning and repairs, according to an announcement from Bart Peak, Union director.

Kentucky Boys At Camp Wolters Have Big Reunion

From bluegrass to bonnets is a pretty big jump, but the lads from Kentucky who are stationed at Camp Wolters, Texas have definitely shown that they can take a blade of bluegrass and make it top any state flower in the country.

Since the Kentucky contingent stationed at the Texas post is so large, a program made up of Kentucky entertainers, Kentucky fan mail, and Kentucky humor was organized by several buck privates who until the end of the winter quarter were wending their happy ways along the walks of the University. This program was planned to promote "esprit de corps" (quoting C. Edwin Barnes, Camp Wolters, Texas) and had its one night stand Thursday, July 22.

The committee in charge, chosen from the Kentucky men on the post, was headed by Clarence Edwin Barnes who had as his undersecretaries, vice-chairmen, and workers, Bill Caywood, Bill Wichtman, John Kerr, Tommy Bell, Bob Meyer, and Carlisle Myers. Lt. S. M. Nixon was a sort of "faculty advisor" to the group.

The blade of bluegrass was enclosed in a communique to the Texas delegation from The Kernel.

Davenport To Speak At Reading Series

Dr. F. G. Davenport, head of the history department at Transylvania college, will speak on "Notes on American Culture," in the library's browsing room in the fifth of the "Invitation to Reading" series at 3 p.m., Tuesday, July 27.

Dr. Davenport, who took his doctorate at Vanderbilt, wrote his thesis on "Cultural Life of Nashville." It has recently been published in book form. He is now doing research work on the cultural life of Kentucky.

No Drop Seen In Enrollment

Registration for the second term of the summer quarter began yesterday in the Union with officials expressing satisfaction with the enrollment and predicting that it would reach that of the last session.

The first term of the Summer quarter saw 1,065 students enrolled with a majority of women, 690 to 375 men students.

An additional 500 to 700 men will be enrolled by August 9 in the University's Specialized Training Program, bringing the total soldier enrollment to between 1100 and 1200 men.

Registration for the second summer term will close July 26 at five o'clock. The summer quarter ends August 28.

"That Other Woman" Is Union Movie

"That Other Woman" will be the feature presentation of the movie at 6 p.m., Monday in the Union building.

A short, "Along the Texas Range," will be shown before the main feature. There will be no second showing of the picture because of the limited attendance.



By Shirley Meister

Question: What kind of clothes would you wear if you could?

Pvt. Don Malick, Bradley hall: A bright yellow tie.

Pfc. Carlos Dyer, Fort Phoenix: A pin stripe worsted suit, preferably black or dark blue. I'm also fond of natural gabardines.

Pvt. Seymour Soglin, Bradley hall: A zoot suit.

Cpl. Alan Imhoff, Fort Phoenix: Drape modeled zoot with three pleats in the sleeves, rolling lapels, coat approximately 35 inches long, slightly high waisted peg pants with a pleat in back, loud ties preferably yellow, and long California collar oxford cloth shirt with a fringe cuff, yellow stockings, tan buckskin shoes with crepe soles, and a pink carnation in my lapel.

Pvt. Jim Tobin, Bradley hall: Sport clothing, tweeds and sandals so my hose can stick out.

Sgt. John L. Hanson, Fort Phoenix: I'd go fishing and wear overalls.

Pvt. Bill McGuire, Kinkead hall: Just any kind as long as it has a silver eagle on the collar.

Pvt. Jim Bryan, Fort Phoenix: Tan gabardine shirt with light collars (light as possible), real bright ties, dirty saddle oxfords, and loud striped socks.

Pvt. A. C. Kubitz, Bradley hall: Pair of slacks, tweed sport coats, sport shirt, dirty saddle shoes, and sweat socks.

Cpl. C. G. Fallon, Fort Phoenix: Fatigues, I'm a grease monkey.

Pvt. George Jackson, Breckinridge hall: Tan camels hair sport jacket, white shirt, Windsor knot solid blue tie, dark brown wool gabardine slacks, brown and white shoes, red and white socks, a convertible coupe, and no hat.

(Continued on Page Three)

The Kentucky Kernel

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It Says Here...

By Whodunnit?

Well, there went another lapse of dear ole' exams... now, don't we love 'em... seems like scandal kinda' withered away into the background 'cause of all those tough quizzes we had too... by the way, maybe you flunked like yours truly did... ain't very pleasant, is it?... maybe you figure this way too, though, that you can always make it up next term... easy as heck to say, ain't it?

Exams never stopped such charmin' (?) co-eds as the Jewell hall cuties, Yvonne Stein, Louise Thompson, and Wanda Steele, though... been up to Rose street lately?... that's where all the good cold brew goes, so we've found out... man, those campus beauts sho' can throw it down... you know how it is, all the handsome ASTP men wander down from their hideouts to take the gals up to Rose street about 6:00 and keep 'em there till about 7:30 consuming that dangerous a m b e r beverage which Helen (sweetheart of the soldiers) throws at you... any ill effects, Yvonne, Louise, or Wanda?...

Hear tell around the campus that our first year advanced military men who were classified as juniors till they departed the campus in

March for such outposts as Camp Wolters, Texas, are gonna' be wanderin' back up Kaintuck way mighty soon now... how 'bout that?... Sounds pretty darned good to us, maybe this University will look like the old times again... the Cottage bar filled to capacity, Rose street runnin' over, even poor ole' Doc runnin' out of drinks up at his place on Maxwell, not to mention the Mainspring and how that good draught does hit the thirst, mighty tasty, mighty tasty....

The women in the book store are doin' their share in buildin' morale.... Lucille Clark and sister Pat are in there dividin' for every would-be suitor among the soldier mob that rallies to the candy counter and pounds out the cokes so that poor civilians are without (we love to give 'em, no kidding, it helps our morale, too, you know... and even Miss Moores is bewitchin' those poor helpless guys in the (quote) "pea green suits" (end quote)... say it's buildin' morale, looks like some pretty good schemin' from this corner....

To G. I. Sweepings: Bring on your men!!!!

Enuff said, so long for now, how's about rakin' up some dirt, huh?... it says here.

To The Officer Of The Day

In the cold, grey dawn you buzz me out,
From the sleep I've just slipped in.
And down the stairs you make me jump
At your command: "Fall in!"

No sooner am I back to sleep
Than you start getting restless.
I wish, mah fren, you'd let me sleep

And go alone to breakfast.
But after that you stay away
And give me no more trouble.
Until five-thirty rolls around
"Let's go!—on the double!"

When seven-thirty ticks around
You're standing by the door,
A stop watch in one hand you hold
To keep the captain's score.

All night you stand outside my room
And keep me duly frightened.
Can't read, can't sleep, can't make a noise
Or I'll be in next week-end.

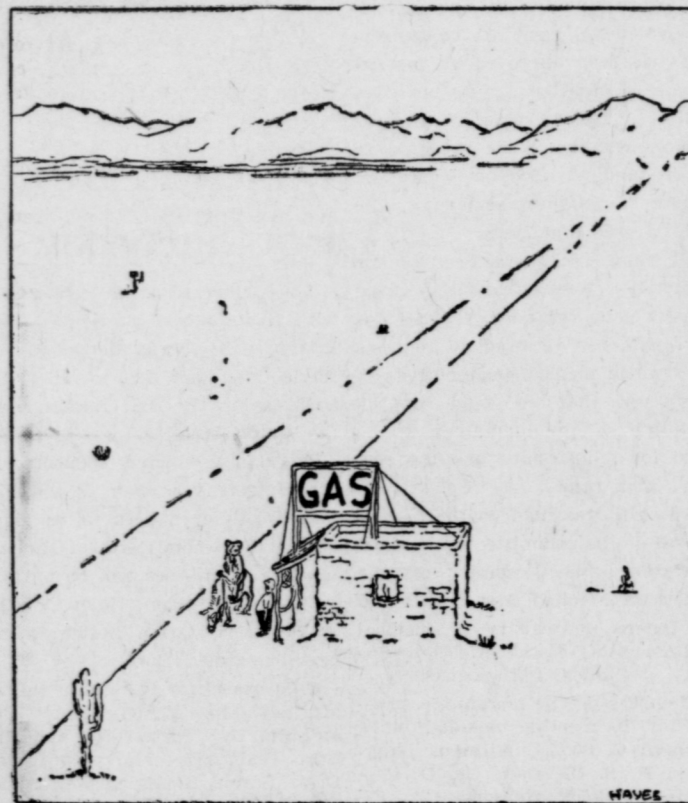
The only time you're nice at all
Is when you sound "All Quiet."
It's now ten-thirty by the clock
I'd like to start a riot.

All day long you've dogged my steps,
Your manner's most alarming.
And I no sooner fall asleep
Than — "Ye Gods! It's morning!"

I know it's not your fault, mah fren
Your duty is my sorrow.
Hell! I just remembered now
That I'm O. D. tomorrow.
Allan Clark.

KERNEL FEATURE PAGE

TICKLERS By Hayes



"To be perfectly frank, we're beginning to feel the pinch."

G. I. Sweepings...

By BABY

Even though we usually make it our business to be everywhere at the same time, we were unable to attend the Jewell hall roof dance last Saturday night. After all, we were only given three days' notice and a date is usually fixed weeks in advance. All the fellows said it was swell and they hope that many more dances of that sort will follow.

Undoubtedly, these dances will enable a girl to "find her dream man," just as has occurred in Mr. Hall's dancing class. In fact, this prompted the dancing instructor to make a special announcement. (But you still owe me my Eversharp pencil which I lent to your wife, Mr. Hall.)

One of the "brightest" ASTP students here remarked—Let the rain keep up, so it won't come down. For some reason or other we all seem to feel the same way about this Kentucky rain.

Every so often, Clark and Kaspark have a fight in which all the furniture is forced into the higher atmosphere. But once that priceless fluid, water, is brought into the vicinity, Sidney Vogel always seems to be the one who gets it. Please, pretty please, explain.

We are thankful that through this column Rone has gotten a mate—room mate—to help clean his room. However, his new room mate, Brent, seems to be the only one who is happy about the deal. You should have taken our advice and let us join you.

The fourth platoon of Co. C seems to be the champ in softball on this side of the campus. They are looking for a challenge from the other companies out in the woods.

The only reason the all-star team of Co. B beat Co. C was

the fact that the pitcher had pitched three games in two days already—(Shh! We only have one good pitcher).

How about organizing regular leagues next term with the winner playing the Transy boys or Fort Knox? That could be done for softball as well as basketball and any other sport you desire.

Every time we pass Boyd hall, the fire escape is down. Does it pay to make inquiries as to who the cause is? What is the bait up there, fellows?

If you want this column to continue next term please let us know. You all know there are plenty of... on the campus who are deserving of our company. (I knew I shouldn't have said that.)

Co. C expresses its deepest felt condolence to their 1st Sergeant who has just received word that his brother was lost in the initial battle for Sicily. All we can say is that he will not have died in vain.

We presume it will suffice to state that we all are happy that the government tests are over and forgotten.

You haven't heard anything if you don't listen to Mecklenburg argue with Sam Allen, the former's physics instructor, about a formula. Would you mind if we made a recording?

Ad Libbing asked last week for other G. I. expressions of approval aside from "on the ball" and a whistle. Give out fellows when you see the gals pass. You know, the real Army way.

Well, only nine more days with 40 school hours and 20 compulsory chow formations. Then we hope to head home for some of that home cooking. Boy, oh boy!!

Ad Libbing

By Fleishman and Tevis

The Courthouse steps seem to have become the center of vigorous activity thanks to W. S. Sutherland and his students in public speaking. Latest demonstrator of the art of expostulation and gesticulation was Marshall Hahn, who had the job of convincing an audience of innocent bystanders to take his remarkable exercise and massage course. Dressed as a sixty-five-year-old man with whitened hair, Marshall presented himself as the prime example of success which may be attained by taking his course. Going even to the extent of exposing his chest and demonstrating a few sample exercises, Marshall had the audience stretching their muscles to his rapid count. After the physical demonstration, Sutherland stated, "I feel at least 20 years younger."

☆☆☆

Today we are going to be witty because exams are over and we can devote all our mental prowess to humor. Let's start the proverbial ball rolling with two side-splitting puns.

I expectorate high on my exams because I'll flunk that classify don't.

☆☆☆

Ode to mayhem (if Jimmie Fidler will pardon our pilfering) Oh, yes, Colonel Brewer, aren't you in the Army?

☆☆☆

Gnawing their fingernails in desperation are the southern belles who are facing a sad week of furlough frenzy. In a week the entire ASTP unit packs up and goes home—Some few Kentucky co-eds are worrying about those intriguing girls back home. Apparently more than a purely patriotic motive has inspired them. This week will tell the tale.

☆☆☆☆

Studying for exams in the dorm was a harrowing experience. Like a tired hero home from the horror of war, we come to tell the story of "Memorizing at Midnight" or "She Made a 2.5 Until She Moved Into Boyd Hall." Frantic freshmen scrambling around among volumes of notes, sedate seniors nonchalantly eating hamburgers and reciting German, scared juniors wringing their hands in anguish over pages of un-read history. It began at 7:00. It lasted until 2:00. And when we awoke the next morning it was still going on. In curlers and shorts and beat-up old slacks they crammed and worried and drank cokes. It was harrowing, we repeat, but we loved it. We can hardly wait until next term.

☆☆☆

Saboteurs' heaven: the Bookstore. One well-placed time bomb would blow up both coke machines and slow up the entire war effort.

(Continued from Page One)

Pvt. John Densen, Bradley hall: Tweed suits, slacks, and work clothes.

Pvt. Albert Weinberg, Breckinridge hall: Zoot suit with a reapeat with a 10-inch brim hat.

Pvt. John Mitchell, Bradley hall: Shorts and a bow tie.

Pvt. Sidney Vogel, Patterson hall: A tiger skin four inches wide and a bright smile.

Pvt. Eugene D. Kozak, Breckinridge hall: Pearl gray hat, three inch brim, pork pie model, white shirt, canary yellow tie, dark blue pin stripe suit, coat-draped finger tip length, trousers 26 at the knee, 17 cuff, yellow socks, tan shoes, bootmaker finish.

Pvt. Jim Sanner, Bradley hall: I'd like to wear a girl on each arm.

She Cried In Her Coffee

By Scotty McCulloch

The weary clock was pushing its wearier hands around toward three o'clock in the morning, when the tired little med tech lifted her tousled head from her books.

"Hallelujah! Another report finished! That's all for tonight! Sandman, here I come!"

With a sweep of her hand she reached for the lukewarm cup of coffee beside her.

Crash!!!

With a wail of despair and a scream of anguish she knelt on the cold floor and huddled over the fragments of a once whole china cup and—the scattered ink-smeared

sheets of a once perfect clinical report.

The air turned crimson with embarrassment.

The report went on the professor's desk the next morning complete with ink stains, coffee stains, and dried tears.

Moral: Don't reach for the coffee while writing a report and incidentally, what in the heck was she doing drinking ration stamps, anyway???

Dancer's 5 pairs



Dancer Eleanor Powell wears out 50 pairs of shoes a year on the stage, but offstage she's rationed to three pairs just like the rest of us. She chooses black suede for daytime, moccasins for sports, lucite sandals for formal.

In Which A Soldier Looks For Trouble

We present here what we believe to be an entirely spurious account of a very imaginary happening, but we promised, so, to wit:

This past week-end in the finals of the male beauty contest in Richmond (the home of the Wacs) one of our very own soldiers—Pfc. Murray Finston—was judged the winner. Besides having the best physique, "Atlas" Finston recited for the girls' entertainment. His selections were "Ring Around the Rosie" and "Mary Had a Little Lamb."

Pfc. Peter Black came in a very close second. Though not having the all-around ability of "Atlas," he was thought to be quite cute by most of the young ladies and became known throughout the crowd as "Pretty Boy." M. Ginsberg also entered the contest, but finished a very poor third in the field of three.

UGH!!!!

Club Sponsors Picnic

The Newman club will sponsor a picnic for all soldiers Saturday at the Fair Grounds.

Everyone who wishes to attend must meet at the Union building at 1:30 p.m., Saturday.

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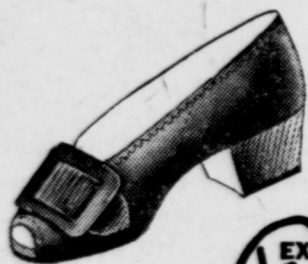
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COLONEL Of The Week



Carolyn Spicer

This week's "Colonel of the Week" goes to Carolyn Spicer, Arts and Sciences senior from Lexington.

Carolyn, who was treasurer of the Y.W.C.A. last year, is president this year. She is vice president of Alpha Delta Pi, social sorority, a member of the Pitkin club, and a member of Mortar Board, senior women's honorary.

She was vice president of Cwens, sophomore honorary, and a member of Alpha Lambda Delta, freshman scholastic honorary.

For these achievements, we invite you in to enjoy any two of our delicious meals.

NEXT WEEK'S COMMITTEE

Betty Bohannon, Chairman
Ralph Meyer, Independent
Pat Rimmer, Kappa Delta
Bill Schuman, Triangle

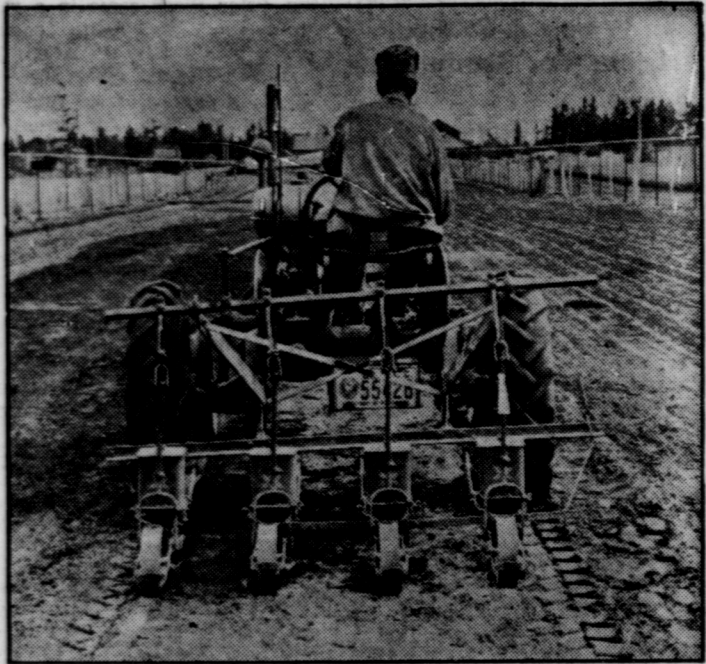
SERVING HOURS

Lunch 11:45-1:30

Dinner 5:15-7:30

Sunday Dinner 11:45-2:45

Cedar Village Restaurant



Those pesky dandelions in your lawn might make a tire for your auto. U. S. Department of Agriculture is experimenting with Russian dandelions at Cass Lake, Minn., to determine feasibility of producing rubber from the roots of this plant. Russians call their plant "Kok-saghyz." Home owners call it a lot of other names!

INA RAY HUTTON in person!

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It's The Angle Of The Hat That Gives Him Away

By Mary Jane Gallaher

They say you can tell about a man's personality by the color of the tie he wears. This old adage was good advice back in the pre-Schicklegreber days, but nowadays when not only are his ties all the same hue, but so is the rest of him, how is the poor female to judge if he even has any personality.

The answer, after many weeks of research in the University coed's behalf, has been found. The personality, character, and individuality, are all expressed in that tobacco-worm green object, the fatigue hat. For example:

If you meet the soldier who hangs his fatigue hat on one side of his head, so as to appear to be slipping off continually, but is stopped only by his ear, be careful! This peculiar angle means not only that his ears are extra strong, but the rest of him probably is too—the type that hair pullin', scratching, and screaming doesn't affect. Getting rid of him on the front porch quietly at 1 a.m. is definitely impossible.

The direct opposite of this woman-eater is the boy who apparently raises his hat to arms length above his head and jams it down, but hard. All that you can see by glancing at him are his uppers and the lobes of his ears. Here you have the timid type. Good for holding your hand in the picture show after three months' time. He blushes when you look at him, and is the perpetual blind-date, being too shy to drag in a woman of his own.

Coming straight from some college campus you have the sports model or college joe. Slight dip in front and definite turn up in the back. Simply reeks fraternity, convertibles, and slinky blondes. He invariably thinks his college and frat the only one in the world, but is glad to be out of camp and on any campus. Usually homesick, he covers up with a rah! rah! air, but when known better usually turns out to be lots of fun. However, a word to the not-so-wise, watch his line—it's smooth.

If you encounter a man whose hat dips a little forward, let him do the talking. He will, anyway, so don't struggle for that word-in-edgewise. He's the leader of men variety. Naturally a platoon leader, he counts cadence so loud he can be heard from Rose to Lime. He's tough—and his methods cave-manish—especially after a beer or so. If out with him, it is permissible to kick, gouge out eyes, or use any other coy, and ladylike maneuvers to put your point across.

When the chapeau appears to be hanging on the one hair the barber

missed at the back of his neck, and is practically nonexistent from a full face view, beware. This lad is of the practical joker clan. Fun if you like things humming and are not the one being made fun of. He's the one who sits on the steps as you attempt to leave McVey. He's the fellow who is always everywhere, never seeming to go to classes, and forever the life of the party. If you can stand the strain, take him up on that Saturday night date.

Saving the best for last, you have

the regular fellow — he's the one that makes you want to be an Army wife. The lid is on at a don't-give-a-damn angle, and most of the time looks as though he'd washed it himself and "couldn't do a thing with it." He's the boy who speaks back when you attempt a friendly "hello" on the campus, and doesn't just stare back, making you feel foolish! He's the one who winks at you when the squad passes, boosting your ego, but not embarrassing you. He doesn't stand around the wall at dances, but cuts in and carries his half of the chit-chat. He's just like the lads who've left our campus—watch for him and avoid the others. He's your type, slow on the uptake, maybe, but comes in fast on the downgrade.

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